"There Are Pills."

One of our old residents, though not old in years, who has a keen appreciation of quiet fun, and bears the reputation among his intimate friends, of a wag, has given us the following amusing incident of the early days in this vicinity. It illustrates some of the difficulties experienced by the early settlers in procuring proper medical attention before the University, then in its infancy, poured out its annual contribution of pill compounders, to dose into the small clearings in the tall timber, and grow up with the country." Our narrator gives the incident as follows:

One day I was returning from a neighboring settlement, and nearing town by way of the "bogus swamp," when I discovered, some distance in advance, an old lady standing beside the road, and in front of a newly-built log cabin on the border of a "chopping." Under the dingy ruffle of her cap shone the bright, broad, brass bows of an ancient pair of "specs," from under which, with her face elevated skyward, she peered at me inquiringly as I halted and bid her "good afternoon."

"Say," said she, "are you a doctor?"

"No," I answered, "I am not a doctor of physic; I am——"

"Wal," she interrupted, "I guess we don't want any more physic; 'pears like we want something' else. My ol' man's awful sick. Ye can't come in an' see 'im, can ye, jest a minit?"

"Oh, certainly," I replied and making my horse fast to the nearest sapling, I followed the cap, spectacles, and little old woman into the primitive abode. As we entered, she said:

"He's been sorter ailin' for goin' on two weeks now, an' finally he sent to town an'—Albert, turn over here; here's a man wants to see ye."

"Good afternoon," I said, as he opened his large, sallow eyes and looked beseechingly up at me. "——" are you do?" I said.

"Do?" he replied, faintly.

"You seem to be pretty sick," I remarked.

"Wal," he said, "you bet."

"Ague?"

"No."

"Diarrhea?"

"No."

"Pretty bilious," I ventured.

"Wal, no—not now, not exactly;" he replied, faintly. "I'll be dumbfounded if I know what ails me. I've been comin' down fur a week or two gittin' wus an' wus every day till I see I'd got to do sumthin', so I sent to town by one of the neighbors fur some quinine or sumthin, an' he brought me a box of pills. The old woman read all the printed papers that come around 'em. I don't remember what it said about 'em; 't any rate I took five or six that afternoon, an' I only felt wus and wus. So at night I took five or six more, on goin' to bed, an' I tell ye, Cap'n, I was as sick as a hoss all night. This mornin' I made up my mind of them are pills was good fur anythin' I'd know it, an' so I took the rest on 'em all to one'ct'. Would 'ye believe it, I'll be dumbfounded ef I aint 'bout ten times wus'n I was 'fore I took the fust dost. An'," continued the sick man, as he weakly turned his head to one side and settled down beneath the clothes, "I've jest got my 'pinion o' them ready-made pills an' things. I'm done takin' patent medicines, you bet ef I live to git shet o' this."

Expressing the hope and belief that he might in time renew his health and happiness since the medicine was exhausted, I mounted my horse and resumed my ride, reflecting with wonder upon the recuperative powers of nature even under difficulties.—*Lansing Republican.*

Tresses In the Market.

Thieves entered the house of a family named Smith, living at Allentown, Pa., recently, and, chloroforming the inmates, cut off the long black hair of the daughter, a young lady sixteen years of age. This naturally suggested inquiry as to whether the hair supply was scant, and where it was to be supplied from. In a tour of investigation a Philadelphia *Times* reporter dropped in at Mrs. Buch's. That lady was deftly plaiting a wig on a wooden block or dummy. She was a little alarmed at first, but when the scribe explained the object of his visit proceeded to describe the manner of obtaining hair in Europe and America.

"You see, in Germany," said the lady, "there are men going around all the time among the country girls to buy up their hair. They pay a silk handkerchief, or apron, and sometimes a couple of dollars. As a rule, a girl's hair grows again every three years, but that varies considerably much with the person. Now, my brother-in-law's mother, who died at ninety years of age a couple of years ago, used to have her hair cut twice a year. It was silver gray and very valuable."

"What is done with the hair after the girls sell it?"

"There are big factories in the large towns. The hair is cleaned and sorted, and then sold at prices varying with its color and quality. A good deal of it comes to this country. The most valuable shades are gray, blonde and white. Ashen blonde is very dear. The true shade will bring twenty dollars an ounce. The next expensive of all is gray. It is worth ten to fifty dollars an ounce, according to its length. A lady bought a gray switch in New York the other day and paid $800 for it. Black hair is the cheapest. Any hair can be dyed black."

"Don't some of the hair used in the business come from the dead?"

"Very little of it. It can always be known by the touch. It seems to be dead and dry, just like straw."

"Do American women sell their hair?"

"No; the people are not poor enough. Now and then you see a woman with a superb head of hair, worth fifty or one hundred dollars, but she will not part with it. The convents supply us with a good deal of hair. The Sisters sell it twice a year. Occasionally a little girl comes and sells her hair, but a grown woman never."

"What is this beautiful blonde hair?" asked the reporter, turning some over in a box.

"Why, that's Chinese hair bleached. Some of it is imported from China, and then the Chinamen here in the city sell us their hair. Theatrical people use it. A Chinese hair switch can be bought for one dollar or one dollar and a half. There is a Chinese laundry a few doors from here. The laundrymen sell us their hair very cheaply—only seventy-two cents a pound. It is so short it isn't worth much. When they sell us long hair we pay three to five dollars a pound. The blonde-bleached Chinese hair goes through a refining process; it is soft as silk—just feel it."

"How about the hair of colored people?"

"Their hair is too short. Can't do anything with it in our line, unless it be to make up wigs and beards for the negro minstrels. It would be useful then, because it always stays in curl. The hair of negro women doesn't grow long; ten inches would be quite out of the order."

"Where else do you get hair from besides Germany?"

"From Naples. This is the poorest hair in the trade. It is coarse and has roots growing on it. It is dyed a dark brown, but fades to a reddish gray or black in a short time. It is dirty and unpleasant to handle. I have been told that it is hair taken from bodies that have laid in the ground many years. That accounts for the long roots. The Swedes send us beautiful long hair. We pay three to twenty dollars an ounce for it."

"Where does the best hair come from?"

"From Paris."

Saved From the Jaws of a Lion by an Elephant.

An old showman tells the following exciting story of his experience when connected with a well-known menagerie during an engagement at Smithland, Ky.: "After the exhibition was over," he says, "I passed into the menagarie to talk to the watchman. From some cause he was absent from his post, and I walked across the amphitheater toward my old friend the elephant to give him an apple, for we were the best of friends. He was one of the largest elephants I ever saw, and was as good-natured as he was large. I was about half across the ring when I heard a growl, and looking around saw to my horror one of the lions out of his cage and approaching me in a crouching manner, ready for a spring. I thought of a thousand things in a moment, and among them I must have regretted perpetrating so many old worn-out jokes at the performance that night. I had sufficient presence of mind to realize my dangerous situation and to know that it required the utmost caution to extricate myself from it. One hasty motion on my part and I would be in the jaws of the monster. I felt that my only hope was the elephant, if I could reach him, but he was chained by the foot and could not reach me. Nearer and nearer came the lion, waving his tail in a manner that meant business. If I turned my back he would spring; if I took my eyes from him I was lost. It was a terrible moment. I glided backward swiftly as I dared. I had another fear. I feared stumbling backward and knew if I did fall I would never rise, but that where I fell would make a meal for that lion. As I neared the elephant I saw that the lion understood my movement, and fearing he would be balked of his prey he prepared to bring the matter to a crisis. I then saw that I had but one hope, to rush with all my speed to the elephant. I think I must have jumped twenty feet when I turned, and I know the lion jumped thirty, but he just missed me. How I completed the race I do not know. I only knew that the elephant's trunk was around my waist and he was lifting me up on his head. I only knew that I was saved."—*Washington (D. C.) Gazette.*

—Some fifty years ago Mr. Joseph Everest went to Wyoming from Hunn and bought a farm three miles north of Warsaw. One morning he related a dream that he had the night before, and which he had dreamed for three nights in succession, in which he had seen a vast treasure on his farm in the earth below. He was so moved by the vision that, having selected a spot, removed the earth to the rock, and with improvised tools he began drilling with a spring pole. After going down some eighty or ninety feet and finding nothing he gave up the job, but still persisted in his belief of a hidden treasure below up to the time of his death many years after. His nephew, Mr. H. F. Everest, of the Vacuum Oil Company of Rochester, some years since, remembering his uncle's dream, which was a household word in the family, sunk a well for oil in that locality, but found salt instead, thereby fully realizing the dream of his uncle Joseph of a hidden treasure.—*N. Y. Times.*

—Miss Jennie Chamberlain, the Cleveland girl who has became a belle in England, and won the admiration of the Prince of Wales, is said to have had a husband selected for her by his royal highness.

A Blotch on Jupiter.

Late in the summer of 1878 something happened on the planet Jupiter which immediately excited the attention of astronomers the world over, and gave rise to no end of curious speculations. South of the southern equatorial belt of the planet an oblong red spot suddenly made its appearance. It was so large and its color was so pronounced that even the smallest telescopes readily and clearly showed it. Jupiter is a world in comparison with which this earth is insignificant. In order to circumnavigate Jupiter a sea Captain would have to sail as far as from the earth to the moon, and then go on a distance greater than the circumference of the earth in addition. If New York and San Francisco were set down on the surface of Jupiter at a point corresponding to their positions on the earth, they would be more than thirty thousand miles apart. It is no wonder, then, that the astronomers felt a little excitement when they saw a huge red spot suddenly appear on the face of Jupiter, as if a pugilistic comet had hit the great planet a blow from the shoulder and drawn blood. The red spot was some thirty thousand miles long and six thousand miles broad—big enough to encircle the earth like a grand marshal's sash, with five thousand miles to spare. Yet on Jupiter this huge spot resembled a small red blotch on an apple. Everybody who looked at it with a telescope felt an irresistible desire to know what it was. Some guessed it was one of the red-hot continents of the yet burning planet thrust up through the superincumbent vapors by some internal convulsion, such as lifted up great masses of the earth's crust in its early geological days. Others surmised that it might be an opening rent through the cloudy envelope of the planet, and showing its glowing surface beneath. Some thought it was a red cloud, and some that it was a fiery slag cast up from the planetary furnace beneath. It was soon discovered that it had a motion of its own—at least that it performed its revolution around the planet in a period different from that of some light spots near the equator. This only served to intensify the curiosity of the beholders.

Unexpectedly last fall the great spot began to fade. A veil seemed to have been drawn over it, and all its outlines grew faint. Like a fiery monster which had only come to the surface to breathe, it seemed to be sinking back again into the depth of Jupiter's cloud ocean. The latest news regarding this phenomenon is that it has practically ceased to be visible. The astronomical monthlies have stopped printing tables giving the time of its meridian passage, and only the most gigantic telescopes are able to give slight glimpses of the disappearing monster.

But while one wonder is going off the stage another comes on. Of late the general appearance of Jupiter's surface has greatly changed. Some power appears to be at work changing not only the forms but the colors of the planet's belts and spots, and Jupiter is now exciting universal admiration by the brilliant appearance of his broad disk, streaked and mottled with delicate tints of pink, red, sepia and steel blue. What is happening on the great planet nobody knows, but it looks as though it would be a very unquiet place of abode for any but a race of salamanders.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Black Dresses.

Notwithstanding the prediction that colored dresses would be worn almost to the exclusion of black, there is still evident a partiality for black fabrics for both rich and simple toilettes, and most ladies, whether young, old, or middle-aged, provide themselves with one or two black dresses. The repped silks are considered most stylish for these; Sicilienne, ottoman silk, and gros grain find equal favor, and are used with the plain large reps and also with unique brocaded and stamped patterns of linked rings, three in a group, large blocks, arabesques, fruits, and shaded balls. The more conservative dressmakers, however, say that satin merveilleux is as largely used as it was last season because ladies are afraid to trust for service to repped silks that are still apt to grow "shiny," although they are much less adulterated than formerly. For street suits to be worn with small mantles these black silk or satin dresses are made almost as simple as if fashioned by a tailor. The basque is short and severely plain, with some postillon plaitings in the back, and a plaited plastron, or some ornaments of passementerie or of lace between the throat and the top of the darts. The over-skirt is a deep apron or a short one, as best suits the figure, and its edges are concealed if short, or simply faced if long. If the wearer is short of stature the lower skirt is in lengthwise plaits, either three or five wide triple box plaits falling down the front and side gores, with only a narrow plaiting all around, or else there may be a soft bagging puff around the hips with long single box plaits falling below it on all but the back widths, where there are two breadths of drapery arranged to droop in wing-like points. If the dress is worn by a tall person, the figure is apparently shortened by trimmings that pass around the skirt: for instance, there are three bias gathered flounces, on each of which are three rows of velvet ribbon, and there are crosswise plaited puffs on the front and sides; these puffs may be of different widths, two being very deep, with two narrow shirred puffs at the foot of each, and at the top around the hips is the soft vertugadin puff.

Another style for those of medium height has the back foundation skirt covered with two deep gathered valances of black satin Surah, in each of